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AUNT NANCY'S MIND ON THE SUBJECT.

BY MARGARET H. HARRAGE.

And this is the New Testament.  
And 'tis now the end of the year,  
When the fields are shining in cloth of gold,  
And the birds are singing so clear;  
And over into the grand old text,  
Reverent and thoughtful men,  
Through many a Summer and Winter past,  
Have been peering with book and pen,  
Till they've straightened the moods and tenes-  
es out,  
And dropped each obsolete phrase,  
As I softened the strong, old-fashioned words.  
To our modern ways;  
Collected the ancient manuscripts,  
Perils, veils and line,  
And faithfully done their best  
To improve the Book Divine.  
I haven't a doubt they have meant it well,  
But it is not clear to me  
That we need the trouble it was to them,  
On either side of the sea.  
I am not help it, a thought that comes—  
You know I am old and plain—  
But it seems like touching the Ark of God,  
And the touch to my heart is pain.  
For ten years past, and for five times ten  
At the back of that, my dear,  
I've made and mended and toiled and saved,  
With my Bible ever near me.  
Sometimes it was only a verse at morn-  
That lifted me up from care,  
Like the springing wings of a sweet-voiced lark  
Clearing the golden air.  
And sometimes of Sunday afternoons  
'Twas a chapter rich and long,  
That came to my heart in its weary hour  
With the light of a triumph song.  
I studied the precious words, my dear,  
When a child at my mother's knee,  
And I tell you the Bible I've always had  
Is a good enough book for me.  
I may be stubborn and out of date,  
But my heart is white as snow,  
And I have the things I learned to love  
In the beautiful old words.  
I can't be changing at my time;  
'Twould be losing a part of myself.  
You may say the New Testament  
Away on the upper shelf.  
I cling to the one my good man read  
In our forefathers' night;  
To the one my little children loved  
Ere they faded out of sight.  
I shall guard my dear ones close again  
Where the many meanings lie,  
And till then the Bible I've always had  
Is a good enough book for me.

## NELLY WILLIAMS; OR, Love on the Ocean.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,  
Author of "The Mutiny; or, Perils of the Deep."

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### LAND HO!

The coming on of the night at sea has always a solemnity in it. Ashore the darkness leaves things familiar: the well-known house, the old mill, the village lights, are at hand to defeat the illusions of the gloom; but at sea when the night falls it is like looking into space; there is nothing to see; the flash of phosphorus in the near water, the glimmer of foam alongside the ship, do not help to make real the huge dark shadow that leans away to the stars—that swelling surface of ebony whose night and presence you feel, but only see darkly.  
But it is only the man who has been in peril on the deep who can understand the awe, the dread, the sense of helplessness and littleness that come into the mind along with the deep shadow of the night upon the sea. The power that lifts the huge iron ship of war, filled with an army of men, as easily as it lifts the little cork that floats alongside, is felt as a mystery; the distances are visionary, and, but for the heavenly bodies which hang near the horizon, could not be defined.  
Although I had just been endeavoring to cheer my sweetheart with words of hope, yet as the flush of the sunset left the sky, and the horizon melted into gloom, and the rigging of the brig became as delicate as cobwebs, and vanished before the eye had reached to half the height of the masts, and the surface of the ocean was expressed in the breaking waves which ran in coils of ink laced with blue fire, and the pallid gleam of froth against the almost buried stars of the night, and the deep set of her sides, the nearness of the dark and swallowing water oppressed me; there recurred something of the dismay that had visited me two nights before, when I was afraid of the dark, and had clung to the light in the cabin.

I told Matthews to get the green light trimmed, and to run it up to the mast-head, after which I took Nelly to her berth, as I was determined that she should have a long night's rest. When we had said good-night I came back and joined the boatswain, and walked the deck with him for half an hour; and we talked of the Waldershare, and the chances of the longboat, and then of the brig and her crew. I told him of the money aboard, and of the things in the captain's lockers, and to whom the cargo was consigned, and, in short, I gave him her history as I had read it in her papers.

This set him talking of a shipwreck he had experienced; it was a long story, but like hundreds of others you may get from old sailors. Had such a tale been related to me on the Waldershare I should have felt bored; but all the time he was yarning I was saying to myself, "What would I have given last night to have had this man by my side, and to hear his voice?" and when I thought of the fears my loneliness had brought, and glanced around upon the dark decks where last night I was alone, craving for a human voice, it so gladdened me to hear him talking that I could have gone on listening all night.

"Keep a bright lookout for ships," said I, "and call me if there is any change in the weather. I don't think we need fear much sea; if this breeze don't freshen; and let the brig have as much as she'll carry." I also told him to keep the log going; and as I could not find a slate, I ruled a sheet of paper and left it on the cabin table, along with one of the chronometers, which, being set to the time of my watch, made a splen-

did time-keeper.

Before turning in I have the log with the boatswain, and wrote down the speed and the brig's course, that being the first entry. I fell asleep instantly and slept like a top, having had only four hours' rest in the previous night. At eight o'clock, or midnight, according to the chronometer, I was aroused by the boatswain. I at once got up and went on deck, and found that the breeze had freshened during the first watch into a strong wind; there was more light in the sky, or perhaps the air was made clearer by the breaking of the waves, for now there was a regular tumble of sea.

I told the boatswain to turn in and get rest while he could, and then went to the wheel and secured Johnson to the little grating abaft it by taking a turn with a rope's end round his waist. I watched to see how she steered, and found that she gave very little trouble, the trim of the mizzen keeping her steady, and the big mizzen helping the lee helm wonderfully.

I went on the deck-house to have a better command of the horizon. I watched the sea as a man would a crouching beast, expecting every moment the spring that must destroy him. I had been on the top of the deck-house half an hour, when my eye was attracted by a shadow like a smirch upon the sky in the southwest.

"A sail!" I shouted to Johnson; and the glass being on the deck-house, I seized and levelled it.

The telescope, as I have said, was a very powerful one, and through it I could distinctly make out the outline of a large bark, heading at an angle with our own course, steering about N.N.E. She was carrying a great press of sail; indeed, so far as I could make out, she had both her royals set, and as she was going free she swept like a cloud along the waters.

The green lantern was at our mast-head, burning brightly; but if she saw it, would she know that it was designed as a signal of distress? At the rate at which she sailed she would be at our bow in twenty minutes, I sprang into the cabin and awakened the boatswain, exclaiming that there was a vessel in sight, and that we must at once devise some means of letting her know that we were in distress.

He was a true sailor, and wide-awake and on deck in a few moments. He saw the vessel before I could point her out; she was on our lee quarter, and leaning heavily over under the tower of canvas she carried, and was heading so as to cross our bows, though, had the brig possessed any speed in her heels, we should have made the bark pass under our stern.

The boatswain knew as well as I the extreme gravity of our peril in the event of more sea rising, and we both felt that the sighting of this bark was a chance that might not occur again for days and days; and sighting her now, when we neither of us knew but that in another hour the brig might be washing about, a helpless dismasted wreck, and offering us no better refuge than the deck-house, drove us both desperate.

"What shall we do to attract her?" I shouted. "Surely they can see that mast-head light!"

"Make a flare forrad, sir—make a flare forrad!" cried the boatswain. "Why, see his passing away! God help us—we might be anchored!"

Matthews, hearing our cries, came running out of the cabin. I told him to jump forward and help the boatswain to collect materials for a flare on the forecastle; and he was off like a madman, understanding without need of further words that a sail was in sight. While they were at work I laid hold of the halyards to which the lantern was attached, and lowered and raised the light several times, all the while keeping my eyes intently fixed on the shadow of the bark that had now forged ahead of us, and whose outline was visible upon the sea just above the port-bulwarks. She was drawing momentum nearer to us, as she came heading on a line converging with the direction in which the brig was going; and I felt as sure that they saw us as that we saw her, and that they could attach no other meaning to the motion I gave to the lantern than the one I intended.

The gloom was too great to enable me to see whether she shortened sail, but, in defiance of the hope that was making my heart beat furiously, I might judge that they were keeping all fast by the regularity of the speed at which she was passing us. Twice while I was working the lantern there poured such a flood of water inboard as swept my legs from under me, and I only narrowly escaped being hurled to leeward by clinging with all my strength to the running-gear that was belayed at the foot of the mast.

Hearing the blows of a chopper, I shouted to the boatswain to know how he was getting on. He answered that he could not find any small stuff, and was obliged to split up a plank so as to get a start with his flares; "but every thing's so bloody wet," he bawled, "that I'm afraid we'll never get it to burn." I thought it a matter of life and death, and, belying the halyards, rushed into the carpenter's berth and brought out an armful of canvas, along with a quantity of oakum that lay mixed up with the canvas in the locker under the bunk, and ran to join the boatswain, splashing the water as high as my mouth as I floundered forward. But the decks were aloft and afire; there was no dry place for a flare unless it was the top of the galley; so I jumped on to it, and put the canvas and oakum down, and keeping my foot upon it to prevent it flowing overboard, I sung out to the boatswain to hand me up such small stuff as he had collected, and then set fire to the oakum.

The tar blazed, the dry canvas caught,

and in a few moments we should have had a great fire, when a sen struck the brig just abaft the foremast. A whole ocean of water ran up half as high as the foremast and plumped right down, extinguishing the fire, beating the breath out of my body and half drowning me, washing the boatswain round the galley, and driving Matthews sputtering and choking as far as the deck-house, that brought him up.

Hardly knowing whether I was overboard or not, and it being pitch dark where I was, under the shadow of the main-staysail, I called to the boatswain to hear what had become of him; and on his replying that he was not hurt, we scrambled aft and gained the top of the deck-house, where we found Matthews. I asked Johnson if all was well with him, and he replied, "Ay, ay;" the water had come as high as his waist but had done him no hurt.

Fortunately the wheel was elevated above the deck, and was protected from the seas breaking forward by the intervention of the deck-house. This was the heaviest sea the vessel had yet shipped. There was no possibility of making a flare unless we kindled one in the tops, where we stood to set fire to the rigging; and utterly disheartened, half-drowned, our teeth chattering in our heads, with the water streaming from us, we could do no more than hold on to the rail and watch the bark drawing ahead.

I had passed some hours of great mental suffering since I had boarded the brig, but nothing to equal the bitterness, the despair, the rage that filled my heart in turns as I beheld the vessel speeding onward from us. I knew, with every instinct of a sailor, that she had seen us; that, even supposing (an unlikely supposition) there was no officer of the watch, and no man on deck on the lookout at the time, the man at the wheel would have noticed the movements of the green light, and long ago have made out that we were a small vessel in distress, and given the alarm. She was passing us not above half a mile ahead, and one look through the glass would have enabled them to see that we were water-logged, and in the utmost peril.

Yet she held on. She crossed our bows, and loomed up close to windward; then her shadow lost its defined proportions; she became a mere smudge against the sky, and in a quarter of an hour she was out of sight, swallowed up in the gloom.

"It can't be helped, sir," said the boatswain, squeezing the water out of his eyes and wringing his hair.

I was too bitterly mortified and disappointed to speak. I thought of my darling in the cabin, and then that they had seen us and could have stood by and saved us had they liked; and, in my blind passion, I shook my fist at the vessel as she faded.

"Why, Mr. Lee, be yourself, sir!" cried the boatswain. "Pluck up your heart, and never mind them cowards. The lady below looks to you for her life, sir; and a man must be cool if he means to see his way out of a mess of this kind."

I stood rebuked by a man who would have called himself my inferior. He was right and I was wrong. "You have made me ashamed of my weakness," said I, "and I'll take care that your advice is not thrown away. What shall we do? Shall we keep the brig under canvas and risk her spars if the wheel be washed away, or shall we put her under bare poles, secure ourselves below, and let the breeze blow itself out?"

He reflected awhile, looking to windward, then said, "I'm for letting of her be, sir. She can't sink, even if her masts do go."

"No, but they may carry away the bulwarks with them; and then think of the horrible middle alongside—the spars grinding against her side to break her up!"

"Still I'm for letting of her be, Mr. Lee," he answered. "It may be my fancy, but the wind don't seem so fresh as it was. What do you say, Bill?"

Wiping his streaming face down with the backs of his hands, Matthews turned his eyes toward the stern, and said, "There ain't so much wind as there was."

Indeed, this was evident to myself, though I judged the diminished force of the wind less by the feel of it than by the way the sails were drawing, and by the peculiar, lengthy fall and hollow sound of the water alongside.

I called to Johnson to know how she steered.

"Easy enough, so far as the wheel goes, sir; but it's middling wet work standing down here," he answered, cheerfully.

We remained waiting and watching. In half an hour's time the certainty that the wind was falling rallied my spirits; moreover, the night had grown lighter and the stars were shining all around the horizon. I told Matthews to set below and bring up some rum, and we each of us swallowed a good dram, and handed a bumper to Johnson, who had been at the wheel since midnight (above three hours), during which time he had been standing in water as high as his knees, while occasionally the rush of the waves had floated him as high as his armpits. Matthews now relieved him, and I told Johnson to keep watch on the deck-house, while the boatswain and I overhauled the lockers below for some dry clothing. Although we none of us had much fear of salt-water while there was work to be done, yet soaking clothes clinging to the skin became a most uncomfortable wear when a four hours' watch has to be stood, or when one wants to lie down to get some sleep.

The boatswain and I changed our streaming clothes, and the feel of the warm woolen shirt and the dry trousers was as comforting as twelve hours' sleep would have been. We rolled our wet clothes into bundles ready for drying when the sun rose, and then went on deck in our bare feet with our breeches tucked above our knees, and I sent Matthews and Johnson below to shift themselves, I taking the wheel.

When the men, having changed their clothes, came on deck again, I have the log and made the speed between three and a half and three and three-quarters knots, with the same number of points leeway I had before found. I put this down in pencil, and then told the boatswain and Matthews to go and turn in until five o'clock; for, as they had been up during the greater part of their watch below, they would have had but little had they relieved me at four o'clock.

In spite of the floods of water which the brig had shipped, the deck-house was as dry as an old bone, which went far to increase my admiration of the manner in which the vessel was built. I turned in at five o'clock, and was awakened at seven by the sunshine streaming on my face through the little cabin window. When I laid down my mind was full of the water sweeping over the wreck, the horrible anxiety I had endured, the shadow of the bark passing away ahead and dissolving upon the gloom; and now the first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was this glorious beam of sunshine.

It is impossible to express the feeling of gladness it brought—the wonderfully cheering influence of it as I lay a few moments watching the little window that it had transformed into a pane of transparent gold. Here was come another day, and a fine one, and as I sprang out of my bunk, caring to lie no longer, my heart put up a prayer to God that before another night shadowed the deep we might be safe.

I stood at the cabin door looking along the deck. The galley fire was lighted, as I could tell by the smoke blowing away from the chimney; the decks were quite dry, and barred by the shadows of the rigging; and there, close against the galley, was Nelly, helping Matthews to hang up our wet clothes. She had tied a handkerchief over her head and had tucked up her dress, and never did her lovely figure show to such perfection as now, while she stood with her back to me with her arms raised, attaching the clothes to a line by means of rope-yarns, while Matthews followed away as fast as she slung the things. The sailor saw me and spoke to her; she instantly looked around and ran up to me.

I drew her into the cabin and greeted her after the fashion that pleased us both, and then she said that she had been on deck since six o'clock; that she had helped Matthews to light the galley fire, and that she was going to get breakfast for us; but first she wanted to finish hanging up those things, and would I come forward and talk to her while she worked?

I went forward to give Nelly a hand if she wanted it. In a moment the clothes were all slung, and Matthews tripping them up, and the shirts and trousers fluttering in the wind made the brig look like a laundry-woman's yard. And yet the homely sight seemed to civilize our condition, too; there was a suggestion of life and safety in those fluttering garments and the smoke of the galley fire.

"Why, Nelly, you are going to work in earnest," said I. "Mind you do not tire yourself."

"Don't be afraid; if you knew how much more contented it makes me feel to have something to do, you would keep me employed all day long. Besides," said she, looking at me earnestly, "I have a right to claim a share in the work on board. You would not, surely, have me sit still and look on while you were working, when I could be of use? If it should please God to preserve us, why should not I be able to help my boat as well as you, dear? I can pull a rope, I can steer, I can light a fire, I can use a telescope, and have as good eyes for a distant ship as any of you."

"My darling, you shall please yourself. But as to your having a boat, are you not already satisfied with having saved three lives by your courage and example to the men who were adrift with you in the boat? If you had not put the idea of searching for this brig into their minds, and urged them to persevere in hunting for her, you would all have perished, and in all human likelihood have perished too."

"It is your love that makes you talk like that," said she, blushing and laughing. "My behavior in the boat counts for nothing. I want to be of use here, to do my share of the work, and you must find me employment, Will, or I shall be hunting after work for myself and making blunders."

"Well, I promise," I answered; "and after breakfast I will set you to carry out a really important job."

She went into the galley to look after the breakfast, and though I did not like to see her in that grimy place, I could not choose but let her have her own way.

At eight o'clock we got breakfast, after which I gave my sweetheart the key of the storeroom, and explained the nature of the important job I wished her to undertake; which was to make out a list of the stores and spirits, and also calculate the quantity of fresh water in the scuttle-butts, and reckon how much they would last the five of us at so much each per diem, and to serve out that quantity every morning while we remained on the wreck.

I then went aloft to take a look around. It was a clear, brilliant morning, and I knew it would be possible to see a great distance, by the purity of the line of the horizon, that lay ruled against the sky as sharply as ever you have seen the summit of a dark coast hove up in the keen atmosphere of an English winter day.

Having gained the royal-yard—that was the highest point of elevation I could attain—I set my back against the mast, and leveled the glass at the sea that was over the jib-boom of the brig, and very carefully swept the horizon away on the left-hand side until I had observed every inch of it as

far as the point lying directly over the stern, and then crossed to the other side of the yard, and beginning again with the glass, I had worked as far as three points on the port bow, when I observed a most delicate blue fly shadow—no bigger, indeed, than a pea—down in that quarter, suspended over the water, with a white, quivering space between it and the horizon.

I looked at it intently, believing it to be a cloud, and kept on watching it to observe whether it rose or sunk; and then, finding it remain stationary, my heart began to beat fast and my cheeks to burn, though still I could not tell if it was a ship or no; and yet, if it were a ship, I could not imagine why it was that color, as the sun, that was directly behind me, was shining full upon it, and would certainly throw up the white canvas.

I put down my glass for some minutes to see if the tiny shadow would be there when I looked again; but, on looking, there it was, sure enough, and if it were not land, then it knew not what it could be, for it was like the point of a hill or mountain peering above the sea line and dislocated by the refraction so as to appear detached and hanging clear of the water, with a white space of swimming, quivering lustre between it and the sea.

I would not leave the yard yet, however, nor allow that what I had seen would remain in sight. Although I might be out of my reckonings twenty miles, yet I was sure I could not be further astray than that, and for hundreds of miles to the north and west the chart showed no land. But on looking again and finding the shadow still there, I threw the glass over my shoulder and came down the rigging with a queer trembling in my body, and went into the deck-house.

Nelly was at the table occupied with her calculations, and so busy that she merely glanced up at me with a smile as I passed into the berth where the boatswain lay sleeping. I put my hand on the boatswain's shoulder, and he instantly opened his eyes.

"There's a shadow upon the horizon about three points on the port bow," said I, in a low voice, not wishing Nelly to hear me, "and it looks like land."

He immediately tumbled out of his hammock on to the deck.

"Land!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes wide, while they gleamed as if they reflected a light behind me.

"Hush!" said I, putting my finger on my mouth. "For fear that I may be deceived, say nothing about it yet. Jump aloft with this glass to the royal-yard and give me your report."

He threw the glass over his shoulders and ran on to the deck. I walked up to Nelly and looked at what she was writing. She had ruled a sheet of paper, and against the list of provisions was entering the quantity, and how long they would last at so much a day. She was, indeed, compiling the table admirably, and she looked up at me with a glad smile when I praised her work. To see her sitting and working with her cheek in her hand, while the sunshine streaming through the skylight flooded the table with light, made it hard for me to realize that we were aboard a water-logged vessel, shipwrecked, and not knowing what might be our fate from hour to hour.

I pressed my lips to her forehead, and went on to the top of the deck-house. Johnson suspected that something was in sight, and was looking, as he stood at the wheel, very eagerly at the boatswain, who had gained the royal-yard and was working away with the glass.

That the object I had seen was still in sight, I was sure by the way in which Simon kept the telescope pointing in one direction. At last he took his eye from the glass, and, swinging up his arm, shouted in a burst of uncontrollable excitement, "Land ho!"

"Land ho!" yelled Johnson, letting go the wheel and springing a yard high in the air.

"Are you sure it's land?" I bawled.

"Ay," answered the boatswain; "as sure as yonder sky's blue."

"Hurrah!" I cried, giving way to the transport of delight that seized me. "Land ho! Nelly, land ho!" I shouted, putting my head down the skylight. "Come on deck, my darling; there's land in sight!"

She came running up on deck immediately, and I indicated the direction in which the land lay, and told her that it was visible from the mast-head. She very well knew I was not deceived, and grew very pale as she stood looking across the sea, breathing quickly and her eyes gleaming.

Matthews now came tumbling out of the cabin, having been aroused by my shouts down the skylight.

"What's there land in sight?" he called to Johnson.

"Ay, Billy, your last voyage isn't taken yet, my man!" replied Johnson; whereat Matthews uttered a loud hurrah, and springing into the main-rigging, went bounding aloft to view the land for himself.

"Hand him the glass, be'warn," I sung out, "and let us see what he makes of it."

The fellow had no sooner leveled the glass than he bawled out, "It's right enough! that's land!" So here were three of us all agreed, and I had now no doubt whatever. On this I told Matthews to loose the main-royal, as he was up there; and while Nelly stood at the wheel, Johnson and I set the sail. The two men then rigged out the main-top-mast-studding-sail booms. The sails were up and down the lower rigging, and in a few minutes we sent them up. This canvas tolerably well covered the little brig, and on hoisting the log I found she was making a trifle over four knots.

[Continued next week.]

The Boston Herald advises Mr. Conkling to follow Mr. Schurz's example and go into journalism.

### SPIRIT OF THE KENTUCKY PRESS.

#### Gospel Truth.

The man who is unwilling to live by the precepts of religion and is ready to wrangle about creeds, is a poor specimen of humanity.—[Owensboro News.]

#### When She Sees a Mouse.

A woman can carry a coal oil lamp with safety until she sees a mouse on the floor, and then—well, turn on the fire-alarm.—[State Journal.]

#### And No He Thought to Be.

Any politician who fails to learn that honor binds in politics as in all the private relations of life, may, in time, find himself deserted on all sides.—[Owensboro News.]

#### Time for the Devil to French.

When Conkling warns the country of the dangers of prostituting office to patronage, it is time for the devil to preach the balefulness of sin.—[Frankfort Yeoman.]

#### A Genesis of a Fellow.

The Danville Tribune calls its pet names, and says we are from the garden of Eden. He might have added that we are generally Abel to take care of ourself, or to raise Cain if necessary.—[South Kentuckian.]

#### Popping in Toy Pistol.

The Paducah News is still popping its toy pistol at Beck. It ought to understand that in those munitions there is more danger to the shooter than to the shooter, especially at such long range as a shot over Stanley's shoulders.—[Frankfort Yeoman.]

#### Why Crime is Not Punished.

Crime is not punished frequently because juries are made up of men who do not read, who have not sufficient intelligence to express an opinion based upon enlightened judgment, but who answer the purpose of the defense, who out of twenty challenges can always manage to get just enough of such men to "gain the case" and defeat the ends of justice.—[Meads Record.]

#### Battle of the Bards.

The Yeoman is mad, and we are glad. And hope it will stay that way; for it only equib, and tells fibs, and don't know how to play—the jewsharp.

The News is mad, and that's too bad, because it should be sharper; and up in Bath.

To be like "diath."

It humps itself for Harper.

—[Frankfort Yeoman.]

#### The Truth, Every Word of It.

The Owensboro News claims credit for Hon. Dan. Harper because he voted to reduce the pay of members of the legislature. Pahaw, every body in Frankfort understood at the time that the action of the house was a mere piece of buncombe, cut and dried to give the reformers an appearance of consistency. Mr. Harper's disinterestedness can be judged from the fact that the reduction of per diem pay only applied to future legislatures, and he had no reasonable grounds to believe that it ever would or could affect him. Besides, when voting for it he was advised as others were that the measure could not pass the senate.—[Yeoman.]

#### L. C. & W. R. R.

Its Prospects and the Advantages it Promises to Owensboro.

Owensboro Messenger and Examiner.  
On yesterday R. R. Pierce and J. T. Miller, representing the proposed Louisville, Cloverport and Western railroad, were here interviewing our citizens on the subject of extending the road to this city. The gentlemen seemed well pleased with their reception, and feel confident that the amount of stock they wish to place here will be taken up at once. Their proposition is in the main fair, and strikes us as being especially worthy of consideration. No tax is asked to be voted, and only five per cent. of the stock subscribed will be called for before trains are running through from Owensboro to Louisville. They want to raise \$25,000 in stock in Owensboro and the other \$25,000, which must be subscribed before the company is organized, they expect to raise along the proposed route. As soon as the amount, \$50,000, is subscribed, the stockholders will meet in Louisville, and organize the company. The five per cent. of the stock called for will be used to pay a corps of surveyors on the route, and, as soon as estimates of the probable cost of building the line are made, a proposition from New York capitalists, who purpose building the road, will be entertained.

No one who thinks for a moment can fail to appreciate the advantages that would accrue to Owensboro from the building of such a road. It would develop a region of country, whose agricultural and mineral wealth is perhaps not exceeded by that in any other part of the state. It would pass through the rich coal fields of Hancock and Breckenridge counties, and would tap the stone quarries of Hancock from which the masonry of the Louisville and Portland canal, the Green river locks and the Tennessee and Cumberland river bridges was obtained. This stone would not only furnish excellent masonry for the road, but would be used as building material in the city. The large quantities of produce that now have no accessible market would find their way to this city, and be exchanged for our groceries, dry goods, etc., thus stimulating and augmenting the trade of the city. In fine Owensboro will be as much benefited by the building of the road as any other point, and we hope our business men and capitalists will take hold of the enterprise in earnest. A public meeting will be held at the court-house next Tuesday evening, which will be addressed by several prominent citizens. Let us have a large attendance.

Friday morning cool and pleasant.

### ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, first insertion, \$1.00  
Each additional insertion, .50  
Extra notice, four insertions, 2.50  
S. S. Liberal rates for the year, quarter or month, and special inducements to yearly advertisers.  
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.  
Charges for yearly advertisements will be collected quarterly.  
All local notices, in ordinary reading type, 5 cents per line; in black letter, or otherwise displayed, 10 cents per line. (A month's space of births, deaths and marriages, free.)  
Obituaries, 5 cents per line.  
All communications relating to advertisements must be addressed to  
J. D. HARRAGE, Publisher.

### DRY VALLEY.

Ah, and the "Whippowill" can boast of receiving more love letters from Missouri than any one else, can he? We see nothing so interesting, so fascinating, about the young "Whippowill," that he should receive so many love letters. But then, we suppose that his poor, maltreated, deserted wife thinks she sees something beautiful in his black, fiery, eagle eye. So do we—though, I am sorry to say, it is nothing but ill-will and hatred for the woman whom he swore to cherish, love and protect through life, but who is now discarded and thrown aside as a worn-out and useless garment. At the age of twenty he became acquainted with Miss Josie. I think at that time she was teaching school in the Norton neighborhood. Well, rumor said she had some money. Money; how eagerly, how zealously, it is sought after by the young men of to-day! It has ruined thousands and tens of thousands of the most promising young men of our country, and came very near, or quite ruined our young "Whippowill." As rumor said Miss Josie had some money, that was enough for our young hero. He fell in love with her, and they were soon joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. Though she was about twenty years his senior, that made no difference. After he was married he found that rumor was mistaken. She had no money. Horror! What was he to do? He did not love her; he had not thought of this before; so what was he to do? Nothing but leave her. So he packed up and went to Missouri. She was not quite so willing for him to leave her, for she loved him, loved him better than she ever loved any one else or ever could love another. So, with a broken heart, she followed him to Missouri, and on her benedict knees, and her eyes swimming in tears, she begged and implored him to stay with her, for she was growing old and had not long to live. She pleaded her case with such eloquence that the angels in heaven wept in sympathy with her. But what effect did it have on him? With a frown and a curse he left her again, and returned to Kentucky—left her in Concord, Missouri, among strangers, unlearned for and unknown. So, young ladies, beware of the "Whippowill," or he will do you as he done Miss Josie.

WILDFIRE.

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